

Slaves to the Drug of Dreams

The Chloroform Habit Enthrals Its Victims by Beautiful Visions.

Appeals Particularly to Persons Who Are Wedded to the Use of Intoxicants.

DEATH LURKS IN EVERY DOSE.

Its Devotees Daily Increasing in Number. Wonderfully Exhilarating, It Produces Marvellous Effects—One Man's Experience.

The chloroform habit exerts a tremendous hold over its victims. Like morphine, it dulls pain, like opium, it gives to its slaves dreams of beauty and splendor. Like both, it will not easily release those upon whom it has a firm clutch.

It tantalizes medical skill. As a doctor once said: "For other habits—morphine, cocaine, opium—these are specific remedies, but for chloroform there is none." It is only in its earlier stages that a man can cast it from him.

The existence of the habit is not generally known, and that it exists anything like its actual prevalence will be a surprise to even those familiar with the evil. Persons who become addicted to it are loath to admit it. When illness results another cause therefor is given. When the chloroform slave dies from heart failure brought on by the drug, it is seldom that any one suspects the truth.

It is a habit easily acquired. A man is tired, overworked, sleepless and needs forgetfulness and rest. He has learned that chloroform will give what he requires, and secretly he tries it.

First he inhales it. He cannot, it is claimed, take enough to produce complete unconsciousness. To secure that the drug must be applied by some one else. When self-applied the hand with which a man is holding the saturated handkerchief to his face is certain to fall before complete unconsciousness is experienced. This is what the chloroform fiend wishes. He seeks a comatose state in which he finds complete rest and freedom from pain, combined with a preternatural activity of dream power.

When chloroform is applied by a physician there is no dreaming; the interval between application and effect allows of none. In such instances the result is complete oblivion. That is why most people who have had chloroform applied have never suspected that there is both pleasure and fascination in the drug.

It is beyond question that chloroform is highly dangerous. A man who administers it himself takes it in his hand. The heart is weak his first blissful dreams may prove a prelude to eternity. Even if this effect be not so sudden it is likely to be fully as dangerous, although more gradual. It is asserted a man may die from the application of chloroform, and that he be not discovered before the dose of the drug has disappeared the cause of death will not even be suspected.

A man who has become addicted to the use of chloroform has this to say of the visions that filled his brain while he was in a comatose state:

"They are so exhilarating, but I can never describe them." "I always seem to be on the point of making some wonderful discovery in the dreams, or of learning marvelous secrets. I feel as if I were travelling through space or among the stars. But when I awake I have only intangible beauties and grandeur and happiness in my memory. I know that I have been wonderfully happy, but I can never realize just how. Sometimes the dreams are terrible, but even then they are unspeakably grand. I often feel that if it were possible to remember and write down what I see I could amaze the world. The fascination of the drug does not lie in the dreams, however. There is a craving for it, just like that for liquor or morphine. The dreams are blissful to experience, but they are not the drug. The quantity of chloroform needed to produce the comatose state constantly grows larger."

A man can go to destruction very easily by the chloroform route. Not only is the heart affected, but the nerves and stomach as well. There is, too, another and entirely different phase of the chloroform habit. That is the swallowing of the drug. This practice is, of course, highly dangerous, even when chloroform is taken in small quantities.

At a home on Waverley place some interesting facts regarding this phase of the habit were learned. There is an old man there who has for a long time been a victim of the chloroform habit. He would not talk of himself, but his granddaughter said one day: "I went to his room one morning and he was lying on the sofa in a half stupor. I noticed a peculiar sickly-sweet smell, and hurriedly called my mother. She said it was chloroform. I was horrified, and asked if he was trying to commit suicide. 'No,' she said. 'It is only a habit that he has acquired.' She is very much afraid that some day it will kill him, but he cannot be reasoned out of it. There is great danger of his falling an even worse, and yet he never gets so far under the influence of liquor, which he drinks freely, as not to know just what he is doing. He is sometimes of a chemist, and measures the chloroform very carefully."

"Does not his being a chemist teach him the danger of it?" was asked. "No," the girl replied; "it has just the contrary effect. He says that it is similar to carbonic acid gas, which, if inhaled, is deadly, but if taken into the stomach, as carbonic acid gas is in soda water, is beneficial, rather than otherwise."

Chloroform, when swallowed, produces neither oblivion nor dreams. It is, as a doctor expressed it, like whiskey, and a man can with impunity swallow much more of it after having taken a great quantity of alcohol than he would dare risk otherwise.

The entire subject is yet surrounded with mystery, and those who ordinarily would know most about it confess to knowing almost nothing. From the papers at the New York Hospital, for example, little more could be learned than that they knew of the habit, but that what its prevalence and effects are is practically unknown. Reputable druggists, if they know that chloroform is wanted for the "habit," refuse to sell it, but there are many ways of buying it without arousing suspicion.

Chloroform, whether inhaled or swal-

lowed, is not only dangerous in its effects, but it produces disagreeable after sensations as well. It often causes nausea, and the user, recovering from its deadening or dream-making influence, is bound to suffer from lassitude and be generally miserable. Such considerations as this, however, do not suffice to make its slaves cast off a yoke, or apparently to give them even a desire to do so.

ORIGIN OF GAMES. Recreations Supposed to Be Comparatively New Are Really Very Old.

[Philadelphia Press.] Stewart Culin lectured on toys yesterday afternoon, in American Hall, in the museum of archaeology, at the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Culin said: "In nearly all countries of Europe toys and games got their names from animals. Our familiar game of battle-cock and shuttlecock is played nowhere so gracefully as in Japan. Here toys are not given for pleasure altogether, but so that children may perfect themselves for the duties incident to maturity. A girl learns to play battledore and shuttlecock so that she will know how to use the Japanese warlike paddle after life."

"Our game of quills I saw played outside of Madrid, only the quills were stones. The Sioux Indians play a game of quills similar to our 'duck on a log.' It is called by them 'standing cock.' Kite flying came from Asia. In China the kite is an emblem of the boy. The parents consider it as the bad soul of the boy, and when the kite season comes around and the mother writes on her son's kite: 'Oh, soul, go away and take away all those offences that my boy will commit during the year.' The kite is then burned by a slow match, which has been attached to the kite. The kite dies away, taking all the bad things from the boy with it, and if any one should find it he dare not touch the kite. The boy does not fly another kite till next season. The small drum on the end of a restless string, which makes so much noise when whirled, is similar to the sacred 'bull roarer' of the druidic priests. Not have all seen the many bicycle games, yachting games, etc., which are being sold now. They are all, every one of them, from the old games of yore. In every country, in every tribe on the face of the earth, this game has been played. It was played in Germany, Holland, Egypt and by the American Indians. In Italy I bought a game of 'goose' two centuries old."

"In conclusion, I will say that the well-known French game, 'Jeu Moral' or 'Instructif,' I have found among the Hindus."

DIARY OF A DOG. Notes Which Explain Hitherto Mysterious Attributes of the Canine Nature.

[London Punch.] Monday, Nov. 11, 10 a. m.—Am unchained. Large party with guns. Sport. Burrell. Smell out master, dance around him, and place both forepaws on his knickerbockers. Am reproved. Why? There are two more black dogs, strangers to me, and a brown spaniel whom I have met before. The spaniel is a fool. His ears are ridiculously long and flap about in the most absurd manner. His nose is broad, his eyes bulge, and his legs are handy. A dog like this is only fit for hedge rows. Exchange tip-toe courtesies with the two black strangers. Growl at them. They growl back. We are all reproved. Why?

10:20—Corner of a covert. Heard keeper say: "There was 100 pheasants drawn into that covert." This is ripping. Master applies whip twice, but not very hard. Tells me he does it to "steady" me. Such rot. Forgive him. Five pheasants come out my way. I kill two with a right and left and miss another with my second gun. Sun must have got into my eyes. Shall I go after dead birds now or wait? Better wait. Got thrashed last time for running after birds before beat was over. Guns going off to the right and left. Brown dog so far has killed nothing. One of the black dogs named Sallow has killed four. Ridiculously conceited dog that. Right more pheasants come to me one by one. Kill five. Miss three. Brown dog smiles audibly. Shall cut the brown dog or bite him in the back. Shout from beater: "Hare forward." I'll have his fur or die in the attempt. Come galloping out on my right. I miss him twice. I'll show him who can gallop. Off after him. Distant shouts from master. What, can't I catch a ditch? Out again. A cross ploughed field. Hare still in front. Am gaining. No; am losing. Hare is a silly animal; shall give it up and go back. By the bye, got thrashed last time for doing this. Wonder if I shall be thrashed again. Better assume contrite expression. No go. Am thrashed. Howl. Never was a Spartan dog. Beat over. Pick up dead birds. Mouth full of feathers. Am sent to look for a bird wounded by brown dog, who has shot disgracefully and made a perfect fool of himself. Track bird to ditch. Faint scent to right. Follow up fifty yards, then through hedge; back again. Got him. Return covered with burrs, with bird in mouth. Am patted. Brown dog, who has been thrashed, hints that he doesn't think much of the performance. Offers to carry bird for me. "If I am tired." Should like to see him dare to touch it.

Loans and Patriotism. (Rochester Union.)

There is an element of patriotism in a popular loan, aside from all monetary considerations. In France the name of every holder of a renter is inscribed in the Grand Livre, and every holder feels that it is a national honor to have it there.

Men Threat at "Coin."

[Indianapolis Sentinel.] John Sherman is, as he has always been, the greatest financial bugbear of the century.

William the Previous. (Philadelphia Inquirer.)

Once there was a William the Silent. Now there is a William the Sullen.

Slay People for Their Fat.

Horrible Practices of a Secret Band of Murderers in Sierra Leone.

Bodies of Victims of "The Leopards" Thrown into a Kettle and Boiled.

CHARM TO PLEASE THE DEMONS.

Strange Proceedings of the Court Where Two Members of the Assassins' Society Are Now on Trial for Their Lives.

"The Leopards," the secret society of murderers in Sierra Leone, have resumed their bloody operations. The many recent mysterious killings credited to this black band of cut-throats have been checked in a measure by the arrest of two members of

The criminal history of the world furnishes few more ghastly stories than the one formed by the deeds of "The Leopards." According to the laws of the organization the members chosen to commit a murder disguise themselves in the skin of a leopard. Then, armed with a three-bladed dagger, they conceal themselves among the bushes or trees by the side of the road and wait for their victims. Dusk is the time usually selected for the murders.

When the victim approaches, the "leopard" springs from ambush, and with a deftness born of experience, sinks the three-bladed knife in the throat of his prey. Then the murdered man is dragged away to the headquarters of the band. There the body is cut up, the fatty portions being extracted and thrown into a kettle, where they are boiled down into a fetid oil of charm, sacred to the patron demon.

The Judge's court in Sierra Leone, where the two "Leopards" are at present on trial for their lives, is conducted in an interesting manner. It is organized somewhat on the lines of an English court of justice, but with a black jury, black ushers and police and even black lawyers.

To the stranger seeing it for the first time it has the effect of a comic opera, the only apparent serious feature of it being the terrible demeanor of the prisoners. The hair of one of the latter when he was first put in confinement, a few weeks ago, was a jet black. It is now perfectly white, the change being wrought through fear as to his fate.

There is no doubt as to the conviction of the wretches now on trial. Among the evidence against them is the fetish of human fat, which was found in the possession of one of the accused. It was in the shape of a cylinder about six inches high, and was

Policeman as Judge and Jury.

Commissioner Roosevelt Tries to Define the Patrolman's Functions for the Journal.

Has He a Right to Arrest a Man for Innocently Breaking a Car Window?

THE ARTFUL PRESIDENT WONT SAY.

But He Talks Largely and Vaguely About the Improvements Under the Reform Board, and Says Coppers Must Obey the Rules.

In view of a recent incident, President Roosevelt has expressed himself somewhat guardedly on the powers of a policeman under the new regime.

A few days ago a man living at Woodlawn, L. I., while returning to his home with his wife and two children from a visit to relatives in this city, boarded a Third avenue cable car and rode to the Bridge entrance. One of the children had been presented with a sled, and the father of the happy family carried it under his arm. When the car reached the Bridge it gave a sudden lurch, and the sled crashed through the car door window.

He appeared astonished that such a case should be brought before him. He looked sternly on the policeman who had made the arrest, and tersely exclaimed: "This is a case for a civil court. The defendant is discharged." Now the man says he intends to commence an action against the railroad for false imprisonment, and it is more than likely that he will be sustained by the courts.

Police Commissioner Roosevelt's attention was called to the case, and he was asked if a patrolman should decide for himself before making arrest on a complaint whether the case is for the civil or police courts. He replied:

"A patrolman should always exercise judgment. He who does not is not a good policeman. The patrolman has something more to do than simply to observe the 528 rules laid down in the police manual. He must be discriminating; he must show discretion in the performance of his duty."

Mr. Roosevelt was asked if the policeman who arrested the man for breaking a car window through an accident was justified in doing so solely upon the complaint of the conductor.

"Without a full knowledge of all the facts in the case," he replied, "I cannot venture an answer."

The writer explained all the circumstances attending the matter in question, but Mr. Roosevelt would not commit himself.

"I will only say," he reiterated, "that a patrolman must exercise judgment. Unless he does so, he does not fully perform his duty."

"The patrolman is supposed to use them," he said.

The policeman of to-day must therefore constitute himself a judge of all disputes coming under his notice. He must exercise the discrimination of an astute lawyer and must be posted on all the niceties and technicalities of the law, in order that he may render proper judgment in all matters. Not only this, but he must carefully observe all the 528 regulations of the police manual.

Pooh-Bah of Weehawken.

He Holds No Less Than Ten Offices in the New Jersey Town.

Has Occupied Most of Them for Years, but Has Accumulated Nothing but Flesh.

RECOGNIZES ALL THE NATIONS.

America, Germany and Ireland Given Equal Representation on the Police Force. A Tribute from Train Robber Perry.

On the Fourth of July and during similar public demonstrations over in Weehawken, N. J., that division of the street parade usually designated as "city officials in carriages" is occupied by one man. Mayor Simon Kelly rides along in a hack, completely bowed down with the weight of honor thrust upon him. He fills every municipal office in Weehawken worth having, and could hold a few more if he yielded to the solicitations of his admiring friends and constituents. But as it is, Weehawken is one of the richest and best governed towns in the State of New Jersey. Here are a few of the positions of trust and responsibility which have made Pooh-Bah gray before his time:

Mayor.
Chief of Police.
Chief of the Fire Department.
Commissioner of Deeds.
President of the Board of Education.
Poundmaster.
Chairman of the Town Council.
Overseer of the Poor.
County Supervisor.
Notary Public.

At the last election the appreciative citizens of Weehawken wanted to elevate their illustrious townsman to the Police Judge bench. But Mayor Kelly nobly refused. It was not that he enjoyed a surfeit of public trust. Of course he did. Kelly would have been delighted to win fresh laurels, but he felt that it would not be consistent with his office as Mayor to arrest a man in the capacity of Chief of Police and then try him afterward. On this account some other deserving Weehawkenite got an office.

This multitudinous public official has been carrying his burden of trust for twenty-two years, and is still poor. He points to this latter fact as the proudest part of his record. Of course he does. It has not held all of the above mentioned offices for twenty-two years, but during that period he has never been fined for the care of state prisoners. He is a Democrat, but is equally strong in both parties. There was never a political job worked in the town, for the reason that Mr. Kelly represented the bulk of the government and could not be approached. He weighs 245 pounds, and his public officials are sure to meet Mr. Kelly. In spite of his numerous duties the Pooh-Bah is never in a hurry.

Kelly's offices are all located at Police Headquarters, where a framed trophy of the chase hangs on the wall. This is a letter from Oliver Curtis Perry, the train robber, who languished for a time in the Weehawken jail, when recaptured after his sensational escape. The letter is in Hudson County Jail, April 18, 1895, and reads:

Mr. Kelly:
Honorable Sir—Please accept a few lines in which I will try to explain my heartfelt thanks for your fatherly love for me—a poor, miserable coward I realize that I am a few men in this dog-eat-dog world who open their hearts and pocketbooks to an utter stranger, as you did when you purchased the clothes for me, which made me feel a man instead of a dog. As it is said, and I can judge human nature, allow me to say that your intellect is as right and true as your heart. But, though you were one of the first to recognize me by a picture, I commend instead of condemn you for the same. May I always consider you the friend of this poor creature.

OLIVER CURTIS PERRY.
The Mayor, Chief of Police et al. of Weehawken is a quite proud of this letter and feels sorry for the young man who was sentenced to forty-nine years in prison. The only great trouble with Kelly is that he is too kind-hearted. During his twelve years in the Police Department he has never made an arrest and he thinks of resigning as Fire Chief because there are never any fires in Weehawken. Besides, Mr. Kelly does not think that office holding is beneficial to him, as he gives all of his salary away.

Secretary Chase's Method. (Indianapolis Journal.)

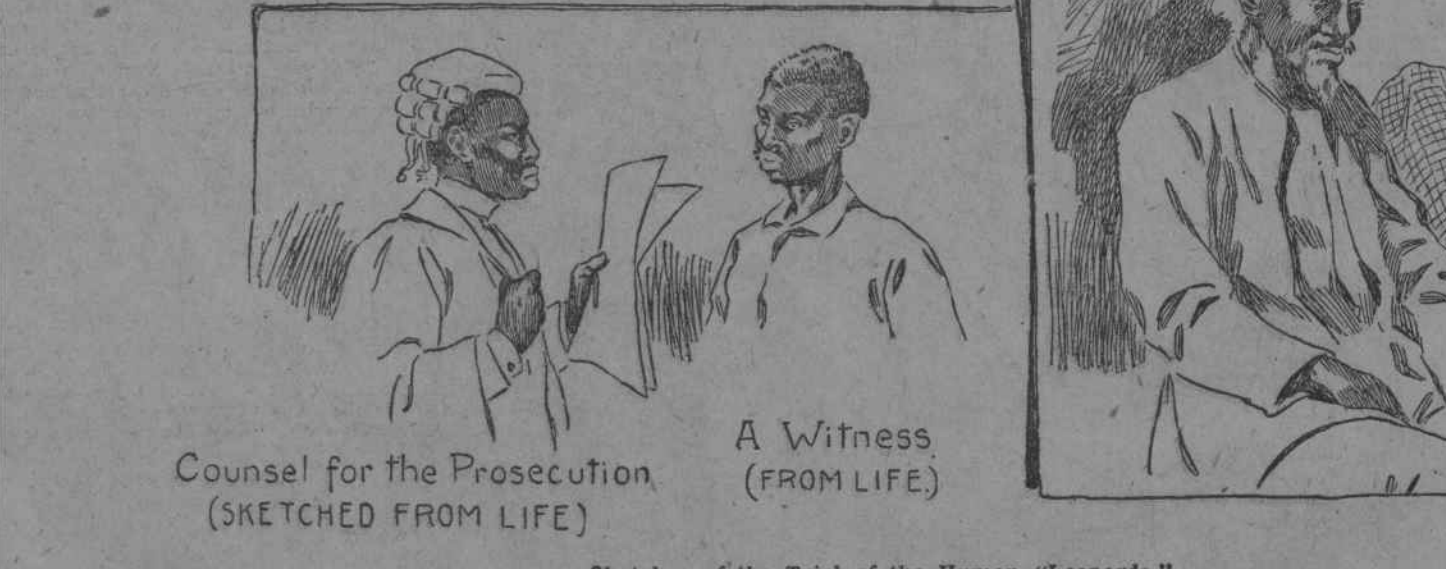
When Secretary Chase offered popular loans during the war he brought them near to the people through special agencies and advertised them through a thousand channels. What is the present Administration doing to popularize the loan it is offering?

Reed's Discard Element. (St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

Mr. Reed is making an excellent speaker, of course, but he is not promoting the gaiety of the nation as much as he used to do when he let others do all of the running for President.

Headquarters of Mendacity. (St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

The President will admit that no newspaper has a staff of writers more "unusually mendacious" than those who prepare copy for the Congressional Record.



Sketches of the Trial of the Human "Leopards."

the order who were caught red-handed. Their trial is now in progress in Sierra Leone.

Less than two years ago murders became so frequent that a determined effort to exterminate the assassins' organization was made by the authorities. Several alleged members were arrested, and after long trials were executed with much ceremony on the scene of their misdeeds. The society, however, soon took root again, and for the last few months it has been as active as at any time in its bloody record.

fantastically decorated with stripes of skin and tufts of hair and feathers.

The swearing is another curious feature of the court proceedings. The witness takes a piece of iron in each hand, and beating time to his words, repeats an oath to this effect: "If I lie, then when I climb a palm tree let me fall and die; when I go in a canoe, let the canoe sink and I die; when I go in the bush, let a snake bite me and I die, but if I speak the truth, then let no harm come to me."

The conductor imperiously demanded payment for the broken glass, and threatened to have the man arrested if he did not pay \$5 for the damage done. The man refused to pay, on the ground that the accident was caused by the sudden stoppage of the car. The conductor promptly called a policeman, and the unfortunate man was lodged off to station house.

At the rest station the sergeant in charge heard the story told by the patrolman, and immediately assigned the man to a cell. The next morning the case came up in court. Magistrate Denel was on the bench.

Truly, "the policeman's lot is not a happy one."

When Commissioner Roosevelt was asked to what extent the almost autocratic powers of the policeman, which he enjoyed in those "good old days," had been curtailed and what were the privileges which he still enjoys under the rules, he said:

"That can be answered only in a general way. The policeman of to-day must do his duty; he must obey all the rules of the department; he must be respectful to all respectful people; nor must he club them, but he is authorized to be as rough with and as hard on rogues as the case calls for. That covers the whole ground in a general way."



A Composite Photograph of the Mayor, Etc., Etc., Etc., of Weehawken.